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Many of John's colleagues were very much interested in the project. I would give a million dollars to hear what they say to John tomorrow morning. I hope it is a question of their being impressed by John's "big deal" friend — namely S.R.P. I would love to get about a dozen of those guys involved with the Historical Society. I had the impression during my two hour stay in the high school that most everyone was just killing time until the end of school — next week. As John and I were leaving I asked Kevin Bilko if I could talk to him in the hall a second. Before going into the hall, I went with him to Scavo and told Scavo what a good job Kevin had done and thanked him for allowing Kevin to do the job. Kevin, John and I walked into the hall and walked a few paces and I handed Kevin \$10.00 (which is twice what he asked to do the job) and that was that. The general tone of my visit there was: seriousness, professionalism, smoothness, impeccable taste. I was out to impress those guys and I believe I succeeded in doing so.

John and I walked into town and stopped at his mother's store. She suggested lunch. An expedition was made to the corner for hoagies. I had an Italian roll — which was excellent, or was it called a sausage roll — yes, a sausage roll. It's a new pizza place on South Main right next to the Columbia Horse Company. John and I walked over to all Seasons and put a hoagie for John's father on the counter and then came back here. John's father ate his lunch (30 minutes) at all Seasons' Sports Center. At lunch I told John about the Cemetery job proposal and he said yes. He was delighted with the offer. He called his mother and told her he was going "off to work" and off we went to Maplewood.

We cut down small brush for about two hours.

John cut and I picked up. He had a bad problem with some kind of allergic reaction to sumac and we had to stop. I hope he is not discouraged. I do want him to work in the Cemetery — alas, he needs the money. After a couple hours of